Who Said Cannibalism Couldn't Lead to Love

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/53977756.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Supernatural (TV 2005), Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Castiel/Dean Winchester
Characters:	Sam Winchester, Dean Winchester, Castiel (Supernatural), Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	mentions of cannibalism, Murder Husbands, Bisexual Dean Winchester, Dean Winchester is Bad at Feelings, Dean Winchester is So Whipped, Supportive Sam Winchester, he's tired of the ust, Non-Human Hannibal Lecter, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Sheriff Will Graham, Southern Will Graham, dean says fuck
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-22 Words: 3,908 Chapters: 1/1

Who Said Cannibalism Couldn't Lead to Love

by nbsourskittle (sourcremme)

Summary

The boys on a case in Baltimore, murder husbands, and dean is so gay for cas.

Notes

this came to me when i couldnt sleep. enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

The boys were about to leave Raleigh, North Carolina. They had their bags packed and were about to hit the road.

ring ring

Sam sighed and pulled his phone out of his pocket.

“Oh, it’s Bobby.” He answered the call and put it on speaker, “What’s up, Bobby?”

“You boys headin’ this way yet?”

Dean looked at Sam, “Uh, no. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing wrong here, but you might wanna pop on over to Baltimore, Maryland. A friend of mine says there’s a pattern of people that’s gone missin’.”

“How many?”

“At least fifteen that we know of. Seems like three people go missing in about a nine-day period every eighteen months or so. There’s also been some grave robbing in the past.” With raised eyebrows, the boys looked at one another.

“We’ll check it out Bobby.”

“Thanks, boys.” He ended the call. Sam tossed his bag over his shoulder.

“So. Baltimore.” Dean grabbed the room keys, and they headed out.

~

Hours into the drive Sam’s eyes were getting blurrier with every sentence he read.

“I think I got something.” Dean turned the music down, which was Sam’s cue to continue. “People go missing all the time. But there’s been a slight pattern to who and how many, plus grave robbing, which go back about nine years. Two years before the grave robbing all but stopped.”

“So what, the monster got tired of rotting flesh?” Sam shrugged.

“Or they got brave.”

Dean pursed his lips, “Okay, then what about the victims.”

“That’s another thing. The people who went missing? All convicted or charged with violent crimes.”

Dean snorted, “A monster with morals?” At Sam’s silence Dean huffed, “Monsters don’t have morals, Sammy.”

“Seems like this one does.”

~

Once in the motel room, Sam sat down at the table with his laptop. Dean laid down on the bed.

“Let’s say this monster has morals, what then, Sammy? Let it run lose?” Sam sighed.

“I don’t know, Dean. It depends on how it operates and why.” Dean scratched his neck.

“We’ll see.” Sam bit his lip, wondering if he should ask something.

“I can hear you thinking, Sammy. Out with it.”

“Have you talked to Cas lately?” Dean sat up, putting his elbows on his knees.

“Why do you keep asking me about Cas? He’s his own man- well- angel. Whatever.” Sam shrugged.

“He hasn’t been around in a bit.”

Dean shook his head, “And I’m his keeper?” Dean rolled his eyes at his silence, “We don’t even need him on this case anyway.”

“He doesn’t have to be needed to be here. You can just call him, Dean.”

“To do what, braid your hair?”

Sam rolled his eyes, “No, just to be here. He’s our friend.” Sam ran his hands through his hair, “Though, maybe we could-“

“-We’re braiding no one’s hair!”

Sam laughed, “Just call him, Dean.”

Dean laid back down, shaking his head.

~

Sam adjusted his tie and looked at Dean. They were outside the Baltimore police station.

“Ready?”

Dean nodded and opened the door. He walked up to the counter and flashed the secretary a smile.

“Hello, I’m Agent Jackson and this is my partner Agent Dylan. We’re here for our appointment with the sheriff.”

The secretary blushed slightly, “I wasn’t aware he had a meeting with-?”

Dean flashed him another smile and his badge, “The FBI.” The man’s eyes widened.

“Um, must have been an error. I’ll let him know you’re here.” He got up and scurried to the sheriff’s office.

“I think he liked you, Dean.”

Dean whipped his head around, “What?”

Sam shrugged, “You gave him one of your ‘to-get-what-I-need’ smiles.”

“I did not flirt with him.”

Sam frowned, “Didn’t say you did. Just that he liked that smile.”

Dean shook his head and mumbled, “Whatever.”

The secretary came back and waved them forward, looking mostly at Dean.

“He said to come on back.” He gave Dean a small smile and sat down at his desk.

“Uh, thanks.” Dean cleared his throat and practically sped walk to the sheriff's office. Sam had to bite his lip to hide his laughter.

Dean knocked on the door twice.

“C’min.” Dean opened the door. The office held two chairs that sat in front of the sheriff’s desk. The sheriff had dark, curly hair, and a beard.

“Sorry gentlemen, you know how reports are.” The man had a thick southern drawl. He grabbed his report and pen and set them aside. “I’m Sheriff Graham. What can I do for you?” He gestured at the chairs for them to take a seat.

“Hi, I’m Agent Jackson,” Dean jerked his thumb towards Sam, “This is Agent Dylan.” They sat down and Dean continued, “We wanted to talk to you about the patterns of disappearances over the past several years.” Graham looked between the two of them.

“The FBI is worried about a few missin’ people?” Sam frowned.

“Not just a few. About fifteen that we know of.” Graham leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms.

“What makes you think they’re connected?”

“Well the time-frame. Three people go missing in nine days every eighteen months or so.” Graham raised his brows.

“And you two figured that out?” He blew out a breath, “Impressive. But is that all you got? I mean- no offense to you or those families- but people go missin’ a lot out here. Tourists, Baltimore citizens, in our forests, and lakes. You’ll never find ‘em out in the forests, and we don’t have enough sources to begin to try.” Sam crossed his legs at the ankles, uncomfortable.

“We understand, Sheriff. But these people deserved to be found, if not for their families.” The sheriff nodded.

“You’re right. Write down their names and I’ll have their files pulled. How’s that sound?” He smiled. Sam nodded.

“Sounds, great.” He handed Sam a piece of paper and a pen. Sam wrote down about two dozen names. He handed it to the Sheriff, who frowned.

“I thought you said about fifteen people. This is closer to double that.” Sam smiled.

“Humor us.” He nodded and got up out of his chair and left the office. Once the door was shut, Sam exhaled.

“That guy freak you the hell out, too?”

“Dean, something’s not right with him. He’s.. cold. It’s like he didn’t care that those people were missing. What kind of sheriff doesn’t?”

Dean pursed his lips, “One who is involved.”

The sheriff came back into the office a few minutes later.

“Sorry fellas, not much in these files.” The files he held were thin. Except for the first few on the bottom.

“Thanks. Are we allowed to take these?” Graham scratched his neck.

“I’d rather you make copies. My secretary, Tyler, can help y’all.”

Sam took his opportunity, “How about I talk with you about the town and my partner makes copies with your secretary?”

“Fine with me.” He gestured to the door.

Dean got up and walked out the door, red-faced. Once the door was shut, Graham looked at Sam.

“Is your partner alright, Agent Dylan?”

Sam nodded, smiling, “He’s fine, Sheriff. Mind if I ask you some questions?” Graham nodded and again leaned back in his chair. “Why’d you decide on law enforcement?” The

sheriff shook his head, a small smile on his face.

“That’s not what I was expectin’.” He paused, looking off, thinking. “My father was a detective when I was growin’ up. I wanted to do what he did. What about you?” Sam swallowed.

“I want to help more than my father did. Do better.” He cleared his throat, “What can you tell me about the area?”

~

Twenty minutes later, Sam met Dean in the lobby. He was sitting on the bench with a stack of papers beside him with a red face.

“Dean, are you sweating?” Dean threw his phone in his jacket pocket and furrowed his brows.

“Are you kidding me, Sam? Seriously!” Sam frowned. “Don’t frown at me you jackass. Help me with these files.” Sam grabbed half of the files and they walked towards the door.

“Bye Dean- uh- I mean Agent!” Dean waved over his shoulder and walked out. Once outside, Sam laughed.

“Bye, Dean.”

Dean muttered, “Shut up. Just shut up.” They put the files in the back seat and hopped in the car.

“Why’d you tell him your name?”

Dean fumbled with his keys, “I don’t know!” Sam shook his head, leaving Dean alone for now.

“The sheriff is definitely off.” Dean started the car and backed out of the parking lot.

“Besides being an emotionless robot?”

“That and the way it seemed like he was interrogating me back.”

“Think he’s gonna report us?” Sam shook his head.

“Not if he’s really involved in these cases. I think he is, but I don’t know how.”

“Guess we need to keep an eye on him. Where was he when this started?” Sam looked through his notes.

“He didn’t live here at the time of the grave robbings and- oh.” Dean pulled into the motel parking lot.

“What do you mean, ‘oh?’”

“People started going missing not long after he showed up. About a year and a half.”

“Either there are two monsters or he’s helping the other.” Sam nodded.

“If he’s helping the real monster, it would make sense. He could be using his position to cover up the crimes.” Dean huffed.

“Real great Sheriff, huh?”

~~~

“I think you should call Cas. He could help us identify what we’re dealing with.”

Dean looked up from his stack of papers. “Seriously, again with this crap?”

Sam shrugged, “I don’t know why you’re so against calling him, Dean. He really could help. And he’d want to.”

Dean sighed, “Whatever.” He grabbed his phone off the table. He clicked Cas’ name and held the phone up to his ear. “Hey buddy,- Oh, no, I don’t want honey from North Dakota. Look we’re on a case, do you wanna pop by? No, we’re in Baltimore, Maryland, in the motel on-“

woosh

“God dammit, Cas. Give some warning.”

Cas was standing right beside Dean’s chair with a phone to his ear. His trench coat was still fluttering, and his tie was askew.

“Hello, Dean.” He glanced at Sam, “Hello, Sam.”

Sam smiled, “Hey Cas, what have you been up to?” Cas’ eyes lit up.

“I was in North Dakota studying their bees and agriculture.”

“Okay, as much as I like hearing about- about bees- we need to find out what this guy is. Cas?” Cas turned his attention back on Dean. “What species eat human meat?”

Cas frowned, “That’s a long list, Dean. What else do you have to go off of?”

Sam cleared his throat, “Three victims go missing in a nine-day period every year and a half. Before that, it was grave robbing.” Cas walked over and sat on the bed.

“That could be several things. It could be ghouls, but they usually get sloppy. Where and when do the victims go missing?”

“They all disappear from their homes or in the woods while hiking, running, or fishing. And get this, they’re either convicted or charged with violent crime.” Cas furrowed his brows.
~~~

“That’s unusual. Based on forested location, I’d say a wendigo. But, considering they all have a criminal history, maybe it’s a witch using them for human sacrifice.”

“I don’t know about that, Cas. There’s been fifty-nine victims so far. None of their bodies have been found. Wendigos are like wild animals, they don’t hunt on a schedule. And witches aren’t smart enough to pull this off for years. How would they even be coming in contact with the victims?”

Cas shook his head, “I don’t know.”

Sam looked between the two, “What if- hear me out- what if we’re honest?”

Dean shook his head, “What?”

He dragged a hand through his hair, “Look, it seems like the sheriff is involved and there’s some kind of morality in the killings. Maybe the creature has to do this to survive rather and is not just wanting to kill. Let’s ask.”

“Sam, that’s crazy. What about the people who are being murdered?”

“Sam has a point, Dean. The people who are being murdered all are violent offenders in some way.”

Dean wiped a hand over his face, “You guys are crazy. They’re monsters.” He saw the look on Cas’ face. “Fine. Fine! Let me sleep on it tonight.” He got up from his chair and grabbed his duffle. “I’m taking a shower.”

Once the door was shut, Sam looked at Cas, “Thanks, Cas.”

Cas tilted his head, confused, “For what, Sam?”

Sam shook his head, smiling, “Don’t worry about it.” He cleared his throat. “Do you wanna come back by the station with us tomorrow? Three heads are better than one and a half.”

Cas’ lips twitched, “Yes, thank you.” He looked towards the bathroom when the water turned on. “Why doesn’t he invite me places? It’s always you.”

Sam coughed, “Dean’s…” he sighed, “You know how Dean is. He can’t express his feelings correctly. At all. The last time he said ‘I love you’ back was the last time I died.”

“You have a point.”

He shrugged, “Dean likes you a lot, Cas.” Sam lowered his voice, “He talks about you when you aren’t here.”

Cas sat up straighter, “He does?”

Sam nodded, “Don’t bring this up with him, but yes he does. Especially when we listen to Led Zepplin. I don’t know why.”

Cas smiled, “Thanks, Sam.”

The water stopped and soon Dean was out. He looked back and forth between the two. Sam was scrolling through his laptop and Cas was going through the case files.

“It’s too quiet in here.”

Sam rolled his eyes, “Because we can use our inside voices.” Dean huffed and threw himself into his bed.

“May I stay here tonight?” Dean whipped around to say *no you can’t even sleep* but Sam beat him to it.

“Of course, Cas. You can borrow my laptop. There’re headphones in my bag.” Dean laid his head back down, sighing.

“Thank you, Sam. And goodnight, Dean.”

Dean smiled because the other two couldn’t see it, “Goodnight, Cas.”

~

Dean yawned, “Why are we up this early?”

“It’s eight a.m.”

“Yeah and I’ve driven more than I’ve slept in the past seventy-two hours.” Sam threw his hands up, surrendering. Cranky.

“I could always send you to sleep, Dean.”

Dean choked on his coffee, “Uh, I’ll let you know about that.”

Sam snorted and opened the door to the police station, “Hello, Tyler. Is the Sheriff in his office?”

Tyler looked up from his computer, “Oh, Agent-“ He smiled at Dean, “Hello, Dean-“ he cleared his throat, “Yes, the Sheriff is in his office. I believe the coroner is in there, too.” He glanced at Cas but said nothing.

“Thank you, Tyler.”

Sam snickered as they walked down the short hall, “’Hello, Dean,’” He mocked, “Dude, he’s infatuated-“

Dean cuffed him over the back of the head, cheeks red, “Shut up, Sammy.”

Cas frowned, “Is that a bad thing, Dean?”

Dean swung his head around, “What?”

“That that man seems to like you.”

Dean gaped like a fish, “What? No, it’s not- well it’s not a good- well, Cas I mean-“

Sam pitied Dean, “He’s flustered.”

Dean nearly stomped his foot on the ground, “I am not flustered you fucker!”

Sam sighed, “Fine. Dean doesn’t reciprocate his feelings.”

Cas nodded, “Oh, okay.”

Dean felt hot in his coat. Goddammit.

Sam knocked on the office door, “Sheriff, It’s Agent Jackson and Dylan, and a colleague. We have something to discuss. Can we come in?”

They heard a drawer shut then, “C’min.”

When they walked in, a taller man was standing behind the Sheriff’s desk, holding several case files in each hand.

“Tyler said the coroner was here, I’m assuming you’re him,” asked Sam.

“Yes,” he spoke with a thick Eastern European accent, “My name is Hannibal Lector. It’s nice to meet you agents.”

Sam smiled, “You, too.” He looked at Sheriff Graham, “I hate to ask, but can we speak alone? It’s about the cases you gave us yesterday.”

The Sheriff said nothing, thinking for a moment. He looked at Hannibal and sighed. He spoke in whatever language Dr. Lector seemed to have spoken. Hannibal looked at Sam, Dean, and Cas and smiled. The Sheriff looked back at them, sighing again. “You can speak freely. I have a good idea as to what this is about.” Sam looked at Dean, who shrugged.

“Look Sheriff, we’re not exactly FBI agents, but I’m guessing you gathered that, correct?” Graham nodded. “We’re hunters. We know they’re something fishy going on, but if innocent people aren’t getting hurt, we might leave things be.”

The coroner chuckled, “Well, Will, I guess I have to confess.”

Graham rolled his eyes, “Dramatic.”

Sam cleared his throat, “So you’ll tell us everything?”

Dr. Lector nodded, “Yes, I will.” He leaned against the wall, arms crossed, “I’m from Lithuania. From what I understand my mother was turning into a wendigo. She found a witch who was able to slow down the process and was able to have me and my sister. Me and my

sister became half-wendigos of a sort. We are a little faster than humans, have better senses, more sensitive to the sun, and well- we need human flesh to survive."

Sam was speechless, "That's… that's insane."

Dean looked at Cas, "Is that even possible?"

Cas frowned, "I suppose so. I've never heard of this particular thing, but I did meet a half vampire years back- or maybe hundreds of years- who only needed blood in half the amount that full vampires do."

Dr. Lector's eyes sparkled with interest, "And what might you be?"

"I'm Castiel."

"Biblical name. An angel I take it?"

"You're just going to accept that? That easily?"

Dr. Lector shrugged, "Why not? If it weren't for you guys being hunters, you would not believe me either, yes?" He tilted his head, "So I eat the bad humans. Going to kill me?"

The Sheriff held his head in his hands, "Don't antagonize them, Han."

Dr. Lector smiled, "I promise I won't murder any innocents. In fact, I haven't ever. Neither has Will."

Dean narrowed his eyes, "If we hear of any innocent, timely deaths, I will not hesitate to kill your asses." Sam looked at Dean, surprised to hear him agree so quickly to this.

Graham scratched his head, "We ain't new to this. We understand." He stood up. "Now, if y'all will excuse us, we've got to finalize wedding plans."

Sam nodded, "Of course, have a nice day."

Dean swallowed hard, "Yeah, uh, good day."

Dr. Lector looked at Dean, "Will was just like you before we were officially engaged." He smirked at Cas, winking, "He'll loosen up."

Cas cocked his head, "Dean already has loosened up."

Sam coughed. Dean choked.

Sheriff Graham snorted, "Ignore him."

Dean was the first to leave the office and tried to speed walk his way through the lobby.

"Bye, Agent!"

Sam laughed as he said goodbye to Tyler and Dean waved, quickly.

Cas followed them out the doors. Dean was facing the street, arms crossed.

Sam sensed the change of mood, “Hey Cas, can you go ahead and get in the car?”

Cas nodded, “Of course, Sam.” His eyes flickered to Dean as he got inside the Impala.

“Dean?” Dean said nothing so he continued, “What’s bothering you?”

He faced Sam, “I don’t know.”

“Okay… can I ask you questions without you biting my head off?” Dean pursed his lips, nodding. “Is it because what Dr. Lector said?” Dean’s ears turned red. “About you or Cas? Or both?”

“Um, both.”

“Because he compared you to his gay relationship or he’s a criminal?”

Dean sighed, “Well I’m a criminal so that’s hypocritical.”

Sam had to fight his retort of *both are hypocritical*

“So the gay thing.” He stayed quiet for a moment. “Dean?”

“Yeah?”

“You can tell me.”

Dean bit his cheek. He stayed silent for a few moments before saying, “Fine. Fine! It just-“ he exhaled, “it hit- it hit too close to home.”

Sam raised his eyebrows, “Wait- did you and Cas-“

Dean’s whole face reddened, and he pointed at Sam, “No, you asshole! I haven’t had the chance to say anything yet-“ Dean didn’t mean to say that. He did NOT mean to say that.

Sam deserved a medal for holding in a smile and a laugh, “It’s fine, Dean. I’m sure Cas would be fine with it.”

Dean shook his head, “What? No he wouldn’t, Sammy.”

Sam rolled his eyes, “You’re not the one who sees all the looks and feels all the sexual tension between you two. Dean, it’s been years.”

Dean swallowed, “We do not have sexual tension.” But that sounded weak even to his ears. Cas did tend to stand too close. And Dean didn’t really try to stop him. And they stared at each other a lot. Dean could often feel Cas looking into his soul. Literally.

Sam smiled, “Just go for it. You deserve it.” He walked over to the car and got in before Dean could say anything.

~

When they got to the motel Dean parked, turned off the car, and took off his seatbelt, but didn't get out of the car.

"Dean?" Dean waved his brother off and pointed with his thumb at the backseat.

"Cas, I- uh, I wanna talk to you."

Sam clapped Dean on the shoulder and got out of the car.

"Can you sit up here?" A wings beat and Cas was sitting where Sam sat seconds ago. Dean jumped, "Man, that still scares the shit outta me."

Cas wasn't going to mention that that was why he kept doing it.

"What was it you wanted to talk about, Dean?"

Dean scratched the back of his neck, "Well, I don't know how to-" he gestured with one hand.

Cas frowned, "I'm not sure what that hand motion means."

Dean snorted, "Yeah, okay." He faced Cas, cheeks red.

"Are you okay, Dean? You're face is warm."

Dean nodded, "Yeah, Cas, I'm fine. Thank you, Cas."

For a second, Dean didn't say anything. He just looked into Cas' blue eyes. They were beautiful. Dean had always thought so.

"Is this a feelings talk, Dean?"

He nearly jumped, "Uh- how'd you know?"

He shrugged, "You're never this quiet unless it's serious." Dean smiled at Cas' shrug. He was making more human expressions every day. It was quite cute.

"I am- serious." He sighed. He reached for Cas' hand, and he let Dean hold it. Dean's hands were sweating. "I- uh, well. I've known you for years, Cas. And God knows I can't ever repay you for bringing me up outta of Hell and everything after that- I just-"

Cas reached over and wiped a tear off Dean's cheek. He spoke quietly, "You don't have to."

Dean closed his eyes, "I do. And I should." He opened them to see Cas with watery eyes, "Cas?"

Cas shook his head, "I just.. A man who lost his faith in everything, finding it within me- a broken angel- your trust me in, Dean, means everything to me."

Dean swallowed dry, “Yeah.” He hesitantly reached up, wiping Cas’ eyes. He whispered, “I have so much faith in you.

Cas smiled widely, squeezing Dean’s hand, “And I, you Dean.”

Dean leaned forward and kissed Cas. He smiled. He was absolutely whipped.

End Notes

did someone catch the "better sense" = hannibal's canonical great sense of smell. and i'd like to think he could literally smell how whipped dean is for cas

there's probably some mistakes here and there whoops

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!